

THE  
LADIES'  
WEEKLY MUSEUM,  
OR  
POLITE REPOSITORY  
OF  
AMUSEMENT AND INSTRUCTION.

VOL. VI. NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER, 4, 1817.

NO. 23.

FREDERICK AND LOUISA.

EARLY in the morning of a fine autumn day, Mr. Henley, took a stroll through the lands contiguous to his own estate, and entered the burial ground of a small hamlet, not quite fifty miles from London. Naturally of a contemplative turn, a solemn pensiveness stole over his imagination as he perused the silent records of mortality; when a plaintive murmur struck his ear through the awful stillness of the hour, and arrested his wandering steps. Gazing round, he beheld an object that at once rivetted all his attention, and called forth the most tender emotions of sensibility. A small white stone was raised beside the path; the sculpture was rude, the inscription simple; beneath a drooping willow was engraved an urn, with these words—"The Remains of Louisa, daughter of Henry Wilmot, of this parish: aged 19." Beside the once animated sod knelt a venerable figure; his head was hoary with age, and the falling tears glittered on his furrowed cheeks like the dews of the morning; his hands were clasped together with pious energy, while his broken voice emitted but inarticulate lamentations. At Mr. Henley's approach he turned his eyes upon him: they sent forth a gleam of sadness that appalled his heart; and again they were bent miserably upon the ground.

Finding that Mr. Henley still continued to regard him with fixed attention, he once more raised his hollow eyes—"Stranger," said he, "can you respect the feelings of a father?" Henley comprehended the implied reproof: and, bowing with the respect his sorrows made tributary, retired: but his mind still lingered on the sacred spot, and he leaned his back against a tree, whence, with his arms folded, he contemplated the sad scene.

In a few minutes the old man quitted the grave, and, perceiving his posture, advanced towards him: a calm serenity was diffused over his features, and his countenance was lighted up with the emanations of piety. "Sorrow makes us churlish, young man," said he, mildly; "and I fear I just now treated you with a harshness of which you were undeserving."

There was a something in his manner that instantly attracted the heart of Henley towards him, and, extending his hand to the aged mourner, he apologized for his unmannerly intrusion. It was readily accepted; he pressed it between both of his own, and an involuntary tear fell upon it.—"Come, cried he, resuming his composure, "you shall go with me to my cottage; I will there unfold a tale, that shall warn you from your errors: and, oh! may I teach you to avoid those views, by the indulgence

of which youth is brought to an untimely grave, and the heart of the aged rent with grief. Proclaim it to the world ; let the young and the gay be cautioned by the fate of the hapless Louisa—of the deluded Frederick !”

Henley forbore to interrupt him by trite observations, but followed in silence to his rural habitation. They seated themselves on a mossy bench, sheltered from the rising sun by a spreading fir.

“Listen, my son,” said the old man, “to what I am about to relate. If the sad overflows of my heart make me tedious, check me gently, and feel pity for my dotage. I had a daughter, the only remaining pledge of a dear sainted wife : this rose, which blows beside us, is not more beautiful—will not prove more transient in its bloom. Her loveliness was equalled by her innocence ; and the days of my manhood were spent in the pleasing task of informing her youthful mind. Our portion of riches was but small, yet we were contented with that little ; and I forbore to harass her with terrors of the villains to be met with in that world which I designed her never to behold.

“At a neighbouring farm-house resided a widow and her son. The former intimacy of our family was continued, and the advantage derived on either side was reciprocal. Educated together by the same parents, as I may say, it is not wonderful that Frederick and Louisa felt the influence of that soft passion, that tender sympathy, so grateful to the susceptible mind. We beheld their undisguised affection with delight ; for neither heart formed an ambitious wish. It was exactly at this season of the year that a youth of fashion, and of gay appearance, came to our village to pass the sporting season—Ever indulging the rites of hospitality, he was received by all the humble inhabitants with avidity. His manners were insinuating, and the partiality with which he beheld the dawning excellencies of young Frederick filled the bosom of a fond mother with pride. He protracted the time of his stay, soon became an intimate of the farm, and was a constant partaker of our rustic sports.

“All at once Frederick became abstracted and thoughtful ; his eyes no more shone with delight at the appearance of Louisa ; we feared a fatal jealousy had taken hold of his mind to poison his tranquillity, and the bosom of our child swelled with sadness. They now wandered frequently alone—my presence seemed a restraint upon their happiness ; and I soon learnt from my daughter, that Frederick wished to accompany his new friend for a short time to London.

“This desire once known, hoping to satiate him with scenes so unlike our peaceful serenity, his mother consented, and he parted from Louisa with every profession of the fondest love. A sad melancholy seemed to take possession of her ; and to me she confessed her fears that Frederick would prove false. His letters, however, abated nought of their tenderness, and he daily invented new excuses for delaying his return.

“A sad event recalled him sooner than he expected. My venerable friend, his mother, was afflicted with a paralytic stroke, and expired before his arrival. His loss seemed sensibly to affect him ; and whether from that incident, or a newly-contracted taste for pleasure, he freely expressed his disgust of our village. I knew not that his mind had been corrupted by the allurements of gaiety, and hoped that he had imbibed but a transient liking for objects he would soon forget.

“Alas ! I was cruelly mistaken ! One luckless morn I called in vain for my Louisa. Every spot she once so sweetly graced was deserted ; and in the arbour I found this note—‘My father, I have long been unworthy of your kindness ; and your confidence in her who has deceived you aggravated my pangs. I fly with one who will protect me—who will make me happy—will make us all happy.—We have found a generous friend ; and your Louisa will return to your arms all you wish—more than you can imagine.—Grieve not my father—we shall soon meet again.’

“Soon, indeed, we did meet ! But how ! Ah ! Heaven !—it makes every

pore of my agonized heart bleed afresh while I relate what followed. A dangerous illness confined me to my bed some weeks. As soon as returning health gave strength to my feeble limbs, I determined to follow my dear deluded child to town, to drag her from the villain who had betrayed her innocence, and restore her, if not to peace, at least to comparative virtue.

"Leaving my little all to the care of a kind neighbour, I undertook my solitary journey, and soon found out the house of the monster by whose infernal arts my child had been betrayed. He laughed at my threats, spurned at my entreaties, and resolutely denied any knowledge of the transaction:—told me that Frederick had already repaid his kindness with ingratitude, and was now entirely upon his own hands: a protected villain, whose offences are of that nature which the laws of man cannot reach.

"Distracted—heart-broken—I quit-  
ted the polluted mansion, and rushed wildly through the streets of the immense metropolis, without meeting a being who seemed to compassionate my suffering. Determined to relinquish my research but with life, I remained four months in London before my eyes were blessed by the sight of my darling. The money I had brought with me was nearly exhausted, and I was obliged to quit my lodging for one on a less expensive plan.—With this view I entered a shop, upon the window of which a bill was affixed, and with the landlady ascended a narrow flight of stairs, to view the apartment I was about to inhabit. We were settling the terms, when an old woman hastily entered from an adjoining room, exclaiming to the mistress—'For God a'mercy's sake come in; for the poor girl be a-dying, and will *sartinly* go off in this fit, for it is worse than any she has had.' I followed the woman, unbidden, into the room—It was my child!—struggling with the fell gripe of disease and want! On a table, beneath a spread cloth, lay the body of an infant prematurely ushered into the world, and now stretched out in the

cold sleep of death. As soon as the care of the woman revived my wretched daughter she recollected me; and, clasping her in my arms, I breathed forgiveness to the apparently dying penitent. Youth, however, triumphed over her disorder, the crisis had passed, and the most favorable hopes were entertained. Before she recovered, the child was interred; after which, as soon as it was possible to remove her, the remnant of my possession was expended in conveying us to our native home.

"From Louisa I gathered, that, dazzled by the prospects of splendour held out to his view, Frederick had become dead to every sense of virtue; and, previous to his departure from our village, had seduced her to his purposes; that, at his return, he had deluded her, by promises of marriage, to accompany him, and made use of every sophistical argument, which art and passion could suggest, to lessen her reluctance at leaving me. At last, when he had removed her scruples, he led her to town, where elegant lodgings were provided for her, and where, in ease and splendour, every remorse was hushed. She was made to believe that I knew of her situation, and that Frederick only waited my arrival to complete her happiness, by marrying her. At length his professions ceased, his kindness abated, and in a very short time he openly renounced all further acquaintance with her; at the same instant requesting her to turn her affections upon his benefactor, Mr. Villars, who had hitherto defrayed all the expences of her maintenance.—'Chilled with horror,' said Louisa, 'I heard his proposal. I clung to his knees, a despairing wretch!—He seemed much affected, embraced me tenderly, but said that his honor demanded our separation; he entreated me, as I loved him, to receive the addresses of Villars, who had, he said, adored me from the first moment he beheld me, and for my sake only would continue them; and, unless I behaved with kindness to him, would abandon us both to wretchedness! But can we not, said I, return to my father?—he will save us from this in-



terested creature ; he will be kind and tender to us : we need no other benefactor. He caught my hand with a look of wild desperation—"Have a care, Louisa, what you draw me into ;—dare but to apply to him, and that hour is my last ! Would you save me from ruin, from infamy, from a horrid self-inflicted death, this instant swear—consent to my proposal—or, by Heaven, I survive not this hour !" He drew a pistol from his pocket, and his hand trembled violently as he passed it before my eyes. I sunk upon my knees, and would have made the extorted oath ; but insensibility came over me, and I saw him no more. Left wholly in the power of Villars, resistance was vain ; once voluntarily abandoning Virtue, how difficult is it again to explore her paths ! I lived with him in all the splendour, all the misery of guilt, till I learnt that my fatal attractions drew him from an amiable wife and infant child ! From that moment worlds could not have tempted me to continue infamy so enormous. I fled his house ; and, driven by distress, associated with an unhappy being, who, like myself, had fallen the victim of ungoverned passions & lawless libertinism. But my nature revolted against such a course, and I daily sunk deeper in the gulph of misery, till reduced to the necessitous condition in which you found me.'

"My girl ceased," continued the old man ; "and we wept her sufferings together. But time, that sovereign balsam to the afflicted, at length calmed our woes, and happiness seemed likely once more to revisit its long deserted mansion. Absence and variety of scenes had almost eradicated from the heart of Louisa her fatal passion for Frederick ; when, at the expiration of two years, it was cruelly revived, by an event as dreadful as unexpected.

"Frederick was apprehended for a murder and robbery ; his trial was to take place within a week, and he implored my presence to soften, by my forgiveness, the pangs of an ignominious death. No consideration could deter my unhappy child from accompanying

me ; all sense of injury was forgotten in his misfortunes ; and, in pity to her distress, I took her with me to town.—Pale, emaciated, and in a noisome dungeon, we found the once blooming youth ; his fine limbs fettered with goading irons. At the entrance of Louisa he fell prostrate on the earth, deprecated her reproaches, and clung to her robe for pity. Her heart, already nearly broken, sunk at this scene, and she fainted in his arms. Assured of her pardon, he soon assumed composure enough to relate the particulars of his conduct to us, which he did without palliation of his guilt.

"In order (said he) to effect views of which I was then ignorant, Villars soon attempted to torture my mind by insidious hints and derision of my simplicity. When I fondly wondered at his indifference to the charms of my Louisa, he smiled at my ignorance, and told me of beauties far superior to her in personal charms, as well as mental accomplishments ; that I needed but see them to despise her homely features ; and he lamented the infatuation that could lead me to devote such a fine person to a simple rustic. The seeds of vanity are easily implanted in an uncultivated mind, and their growth is rapid. I began to pine for this promised Elysium ; and the thought of losing my dear Louisa alone detained me. Villars soon taught me another lesson, and by the most insidious plausibility brought me to consider the destruction of innocence as a trivial weight in the scale of enormity, while my implicit credulity strengthened the power he possessed over me. The dear, injured girl was deluded from her house, and my villany was triumphant.

"So far was I the dupe of his infernal machinations : to the rest I fell a willing victim. Enchanted by the allurements of play, I considered fortune as within my reach, and the profusion with which Villars had hitherto supplied me precluded all idea of economy. At length, an urgent demand from him of the sums he had lent me roused my pride. Flushed with recent success, I

repaid him, when he informed me that I must now commence the gentleman upon my own footing, or return to the farm with my London improvements. I chose the former. Deeply involved, at length, by my own imprudence, I was on the brink of ruin, and was obliged once more to apply to him. He hesitated not to supply me; but demanded—oh, God!—my Louisa as a recompense or security! Fired with the expectation of fortune's favours, by which I should be once more independent, I paid little attention to a demand I so little found the necessity of complying with. I was pigeoned—my honor pledged—and Louisa must be the sacrifice. Can I speak my feelings—or will you pity the self-devoted victim of vanity and ambition!" He paced the dungeon with wild looks and irregular steps:—at last he resumed—"I left Villars to triumph in his success. A perfect votary to dissipation, I now associated with a set of adventurers who frequented the gaming houses, and partook their common fate; one day rich, the next poor; not over nice in the means of obtaining an advantage, nor careful of wealth when in our possession. Such is the life of those who through idleness and extravagance first lose their reputation; that once gone, all honor is considered as a burthen; and, having nothing left of benefit to themselves or society, they stop at no villany to support a worthless existence.

"In an hour of inebriation and want, I was tempted to the commission of a crime which I had some time contemplated at a distance without compunction. I was not yet willing to die; the means of life must be procured, and the road was my only resource. With another I attacked a carriage; it contained two gentlemen; one presented his purse, the other a pistol. At that moment all the dark passions of my mind were roused, for I perceived the hated Villars. I fired, and shot him dead on the spot. Horror petrified me, and I was seized without resistance; was brought to this wretched place, and a few days will terminate my guilty career."

"The sobs of the distracted Louisa alone interrupted his recital, and I saw that it was an event she would not survive.

"We were present at his trial: the evidence was too strong against him to admit of doubt, and the judge passed sentence upon him with a sensibility that did him honor. All present were affected to tears at the fate of a youth thus cut off in the vigour of life. For my child, she was carried senseless from the court; her reason sustained a shock it never recovered; the execution took place unknown to her; and she was spared a trial that would have destroyed her. Frederick behaved with the greatest propriety throughout the whole transaction; the presence of Louisa alone unmanned him. He spoke a short and pathetic address to the multitude assembled, and died truly penitent.

"As soon as the fatal catastrophe was concluded, I brought my distracted child here, & three short weeks brought her to the grave. Her senses were restored to her for a little interval previous to her final dissolution, when she fervently implored my pardon for the trouble and misery she had brought on me; smiled at her approaching release, and blessed her Frederick to the last."

Wilmot concluded with a shower of tears and Henley vowed within himself to be the comforter of his declining years. His intentions were frustrated; nature had exhausted all her resources, and he fell a lingering martyr to grief and age.

Sad lesson to those whom dissipation hurries from the bounds of rectitude. What evils are avoided by a perseverance in the pursuit of Virtue! Then Innocence may triumph, and, supported by the grateful labours of Industry, spread peace and happiness around; and a blooming family are reared in the practice of every social perfection; while the unrestrained indulgence of vicious propensities must ever be attended by infamy and unavailing repentance.

---

Live in peace with all men.

## THE LADIES' FRIEND.

—  
 "What whispers must the beauty bear !  
 "What hourly nonsense haunts her ear !"  
 —"In beauty, faults conspicuous grow ;  
 "The smallest speck is seen on snow "

### BEAUTY

Is a captivating, but fading flower, which often leads its youthful possessors into many dangers, many distresses. Happy is it for those who are distinguished for their outward charms, that they are sheltered under the parental roof. Happy for them that the watchful eye regards them with rigid circumspection. Few, in the early periods of life, are insensible to flattery, or deaf to the voice of adulation. Beware of the flatterer: be not deceived by fair speeches. Be assured, the man who wishes to render you vain of your outward charms, has a mean opinion of your sense and mental qualifications.—Remember, too, that a young girl, vain of her beauty, and whose chief study and employment is the decoration of her person, is a most contemptible character ; and that the more you are distinguished for the charms of your face, and the graces of your form, the more you are exposed to censure and to danger. The rose is torn from its parent stem in all its pride of beauty ; the jessamine is scarcely permitted to blossom before it is plucked ; and no sooner are their beauties faded, than the merciless hand which was eager to obtain them throws them away with contempt ; whilst the primrose, the humble violet, the lily of the valley, and the snowdrop, less exposed to observation, escape unhurt, and uninjured by the spoiler's hand.

Learn, fair daughter of Beauty, from the lily to court the friendly shade ; and from the primrose be convinced, that your best security may be found in retirement. If you wish to be admired, be seldom seen ; and if you are desirous of having a sincere lover in your train, let virtue, modesty, and sweetness be the only lures you make use of to ensnare. You may then, perhaps, by your good qualities, retain the heart which

was at first a captive to your beauties ; and when time has robbed you of the graces and the innocent cheerfulness of youth, secure a sincere and tender friend to console you in the hours of affliction, and watch over you when deprived of those charms that first made him solicitous to obtain your love.

Repine not, my young readers, though your virtues be concealed in a homely form. If you have secured the virtues of the mind, you need not envy others the beauties of the face. And ye, who are decorated with every outward grace, be not vain of such fading externals ; but tremble, lest they should tempt the designing to lead you into error.

Had you less beauteous been, you'd known less care ;

Ladies are happiest moderately fair.

Neglect not, then, in the giddy hours of youth to make your mind a fit companion for the most lovely form. Personal charms may please for a moment ; but the more lasting beauties of an improved understanding, and intelligent mind, can never tire. We are soon weary of looking at a picture, though executed in a masterly stile : and the woman who has only beauty to recommend her, has but little chance of meeting a lover who will not grow indifferent to a mere portrait, particularly when its colours are faded by the subduing hand of time. Then it is that modesty and sweetness of temper are to be particularly observed ; and the loss of beauty will not be regretted even by the man it first made you captive.

See, lovely fair, yon blushing rose :

All hail the beauty as it blows,

Vain of her charms, she courts the sun,

And soon her gaudy race is run.

Observe, in yonder pensive dale,

The white-robed lily of the vale :

Pure emblem of the spotless maid,

Adorn'd with flow'rs that cannot fade.

Virtue, bright ornament of youth,

Sincerity, unblushing truth :

Through all life's seasons these will please,

In all life's storms secure heart's ease.

—*Boston Lat.*



## FOREST SCENERY.

EACH season of the revolving year produces a variety of picturesque appearances peculiar to itself. The emotions which affect the mind, while it contemplates the scenes which every month contributes to diversify, must consequently, be of various kinds, all suitable to the season. The vivid beauties of spring, the glowing skies of summer, the fading scenes of autumn, and the dreary aspect of winter, excite, respectively, vivacity, languor, solemnity, or dejection. Summer, refulgent "*Child of the Sun*," has now retired with "his ardent look" to other regions, and each gaudy flower disappears. Rural scenery, however, is much enlivened by the variety of colours, both lively and beautiful, which now decorate our forest trees and shrubs.

How sweetly pleasing to behold  
Forests of vegetable gold!

How mixed the many chequered shades between

The tawny mellowing hue, and the gay vivid green.

These peculiar beauties, however, disappear at the approach of civilization. In Europe, the soil abounds only in plants which are of use to man. Domestic vegetables, by the aid and protection of the cultivator, have so encroached upon the domain of the wilderness, that space is scarcely left for the existence of those for which man has no call. The primeval forests of the Gauls and Germans have long since disappeared. The wild animals no longer find a refuge in them. Generations of trees are renewed in quick succession, on a soil which the industry of the proprietor keeps in constant requisition, and it is a mere chance when a single stick is left to end its career by old age. Far in the north there are several forests which still preserve some traces of the primeval vegetation of Europe. In these, as in America, trees, spared by the axe, acquire an enormous size; while others, worn out by age, fall of themselves, are decomposed, and are again renewed, by the operations of nature, in future generations of trees and vegetables.

None, however, approach in magnificence the forests which shade the equinoctial regions of Africa and America. One is never satiated in admiring the endless multitude of vegetables brought into near contact with each other, and mingled promiscuously together; so different among themselves, and often so extraordinary in structure and produce; those enormous trees still exhibiting no symptoms of decay, tho' their age goes back to a period at but little distance from the last revolution of our globe; those towering *palms* contrasting by their simple forms with all that surrounds them; those extensive *climbers*; those *ratans* which, knitting together their long and flexible branches by numberless knots and turns, encircle as one group the whole vegetation of these extensive regions.

To clear a path through these, neither fire nor axe is sufficient; the one extinguishes for want of circulation of air, the other is broken or blunted by the hardness of the wood it meets. The soil cannot afford place to the numberless germs which it develops. Each tree disputes with others, which press from all sides, the soil it wants for its existence; the strong stifles the weak; while rising generations obliterate even the slightest trace of destruction and death: vegetation never flags; and the earth, so far from being exhausted, requires new fertility from day to day.—Hosts of animals of every kind, insects, birds, beasts, reptiles, beings as diversified and strange as the vegetation of the place itself, retire themselves under the vast canopy of these ancient thickets as into a citadel proof against the attack of man.

What pomp, what vast variety of hues,  
The woodland scenes adorn! The purple deep,

Orange, and opal, and carnation bright,  
To the rapt eye their rich profusion spread.

Alas! this splendour all bespeaks decay,  
Such is the common lot: The north winds soon

Their sylvan spoils will strew along the vales,  
The leaf incessant flutters to the ground,  
And, flutt'ring, startles such, who musing stray,

Lonely and devious, through the solemn shades.

## LIMA,

The capital of Peru, situated on the Pacific Ocean, in lat. 12 deg. South. now prosperously contending for its independence, is described as follows, in a letter from a young Kentuckian to his friend in Lexington, (Kent.) dated

LIMA, March 1, 1817.

"THE splendour of the palace of the viceroy in this place, is not equal to what I had expected to find it; but the magnificence of the churches is far beyond my powers of description. On the altar of one of the churches, called La Merced, it is said, there are gold and silver to the amount of no less than a million of dollars. A crown piece to the Virgin Mary, in another church, cost thirty thousand dollars. Churches, convents, &c. without number. There are also some other edifices of considerable size, but all the labour, riches and taste, appear to have been spent upon the churches. In the public squares, convents, &c. there are copper fountains continually spouting fine fresh water.—In all the streets running east and west, there is a canal of water which adds very much to the cleanliness of the city. Lima contains a population of about sixty thousand inhabitants, composed of ten or twelve thousand Spaniards, and the rest Indians, negroes, and the innumerable mixtures between them and the whites—The climate is the most delightful imaginable; it is a continued spring the whole year round; between the coldest and the warmest weather the thermometer does not vary more than 10. Every species of fruit grows here in perfection throughout the year; we have at our table, every day, delightful apples, peaches, oranges and pine apples. It never rains, and only two or three instances of its ever having thundered or lightened here, are recorded in the history of this place; on which occasions the citizens ran distracted into the country, kneeled before their Maker, and in the sincerity of their hearts, begged his forgiveness in what they considered the day of universal dissolution. Earthquakes here produce the most horrid ravages; Callao, the seaport of Lima

and about six miles distant, was entirely destroyed about forty years ago. The earthquakes, of any degree of severity, do not happen oftener than once in every twenty or thirty years, but what they call here *tremblings*, are almost as common as rains are in Kentucky. There has been one of these since my arrival, and it was taken notice of with about one half the concern I have seen excited on a farm in the United States by the flying of a hawk over a hen roost. In consequence of the earthquakes, the houses have no roofs, such as ours: long strips of wood are laid flat upon the top of the wall, and on them a layer of ashes half an inch thick, and this is sufficient to preserve them from the weather, as they never have more than a thick fog, which cannot penetrate their slight roofs. The want of roofs to the houses, gives them a very awkward appearance, and if they were black on the outside instead of white, a stranger arriving from Europe would think that the city had been destroyed by fire. The mildness of the climate and the richness of the soil, have all tended to enervate the inhabitants; on the men it has had the effect to make them weak and indolent in the extreme. The Spaniards smoke segars, and only exert themselves as far as it is necessary to keep the others in subjection.—Perhaps to these causes, which have had such an evil effect on the men, may be attributed the exceeding beauty of the women. It is a surprising thing indeed to meet with a young woman that has not the most regular features, fine black eyes, and pretty shape. Their dress is singular, and is almost the first thing that strikes the attention of a foreigner: the stuff of which their outer petticoat is made, is worked in such a manner that it has the elasticity of stockinet: it is belted tight round the waist and fits the body as close as possible, so much so that they can only take very short and deliberate steps, and causes them to reel from one side to the other like a sailor. They do not wear bonnets; an apron of black silk, open before, drawn backwards over the head and arm, covers every thing from the waist up, but one



eye. Their feet are handsome and extremely small, of which they appear conscious; they take pains to show them, and scarcely a young woman of any description is seen in the streets without silk shoes and stockings. They marry at twelve and thirteen; and at five and twenty they are old, ugly, and not fit to be looked at.

### THE LOVER'S HEART.

THE following tale is recorded in the Historical Memoirs of Champagne, by Bouquier. It has been a favourite narrative with many old romance writers, and though the tale itself cannot boast a *moral tendency* yet the feelings are so completely interested throughout the relation of it, that it has obtained admission into several modern poems; and it is imagined that a genuine relation of the extraordinary circumstance, unembellished by the licence of poetry or the powers of fiction, may not be unacceptable to the generality of readers.

"The Lord De Concy, vassal to the Count De Champagne, was one of the most handsome and accomplished men of the age in which he lived; and if any palliation can be offered for the crime of inconstancy, the Lady of Lord Du Fayel might plead it as an excuse.—Wedded to a man whose inhumanity of disposition and depravity of heart precluded the possibility either of esteem or tenderness, she could not help acknowledging the superiority of her lover, and heard of his intention to accompany the King and the Count Du Champagne to the wars in the Holy Land with unsubdued regret and fearful apprehension.

"The hour of departure at length arrived. The Lady, in taking leave of her lover, presented him with some rings, some diamonds, and a string that she had woven of her own hair intermixed with silk, and buttons of large pearls to cover his helmet, which was the fashionable dress for warriors at that period.

"When the gallant hero arrived at Palestine his heart beat high with the

love of fame, and, anxious to signalize himself at the siege of Acre, he was the first who undauntedly resolved to ascend the ramparts; yet for this proof of temerity he lost his life.

De Concy's wound was instantly pronounced mortal, and the few moments between life and eternity were employed by the ardent lover in reconciling the object of his tenderness to the severity of his fate, and conjuring his Esquire to embalm his heart, convey it to his mistress, and present her at the same time with the last sentiments of an expiring man, who cherished her image amidst the pangs of death.

"The attached domestic, faithful to the trust reposed in him by his Lord, prepared to fulfil his dying request; and, as soon as the heart was properly embalmed, returned to France with the melancholy relic, and concealed himself in a neighboring wood, nearly contiguous to Du Fayel's domain, with an intent of watching a favorable moment for delivering up his precious prize.

"The jealous husband, suspicious of all objects near his dwelling, unfortunately encountered the faithful Esquire, and perceiving, by the embarrassed manner in which he answered his enquiries, some extraordinary circumstance had occasioned his arrival, threatened immediately to destroy his existence, unless he made a full disclosure of it. Terrified at the prospect of being deprived of life, and having no arms to defend himself against his adversary, he frankly disclosed the nature of his embassy, and delivered the heart and letter into his hands.

"Elated with pleasure, and inspired with rage, the inhuman Du Fayel ordered the cook into his presence, commanded him to mince to atoms the devoted heart, and dress it with gravy to his Lady's palate.

"Unsuspecting of the inhumanity of the design, and peculiarly pleased with the cook's excellence in his art, Lady Du Fayel completely dined upon the dish which her sanguinary husband carefully recommended.

As soon as the repast was ended, Du

Fayel enquired if the ragout was to her taste ; and, upon being answered that it was—" *Excellent !*"—" I knew you would like it, and therefore had it dressed ; for know, Madam," continued the inhuman monster, " that you have devoured the heart of the Lord Du Concy !"

" Incapable of believing so striking an instance of depravity, she at first refused to give it any credit, but the sight of the letter, the diamonds, and the hair, too soon convinced her of the fatal truth.

" Shuddering with horror at the cruel recital, and urged by an impulse of detestation and despair, she thus replied—" It is true I loved that heart, because it merited my regard, for never could I find one like it ; and since I have eaten of so noble a meal, and my stomach is the tomb of so precious a heart, I will take care that nothing of inferior worth shall ever be mixed with it !"

" Grief and indignation then choked her utterance. She retired to her chamber, closed the door within side, refused to admit either food or consolation, and expired on the fourth day after her entrance."

---

### LADY MACLEAN.

Some time since, a very interesting and popular little piece was brought on the London stage, entitled *The Lady of the Rock*, which excited much feeling for the fate of the unhappy lady. The origin of this tale is literally taken from the History of the Highlands of Scotland ; and the facts from which the dramatist borrowed his story are as follow :—

In former times one of the Macleans, of Duart, married a sister of Argyle.—This lady was amiable and beautiful, but unfortunately she had been married some years without producing an heir to the house of Duart, with whom her sterility was her crime ; her husband hated her on this account, and resolved on her destruction. In order to screen himself from detection, he hired ruffians to convey her secretly to a bare rock near

Lismore ; and there she was left to perish at the coming up of the tide. Here the hapless lady sat watching the rolling tide which she expected every moment to overwhelm her ; when fortunately she perceived a vessel sailing down the Sound of Mull, in the very direction of the rock on which she was sitting. She displayed every signal she could think of to attract the notice of the crew ; and, at length they perceived her, and drew near the rock. She soon made herself known, and informed them that it was by order of her barbarous husband she was left on the rock. The sailors, with that usual generosity belonging to mariners, took pity on her, received her on board, and conveyed her safely to her brother at Inverary.

Maclean of Duart made a grand mock funeral, and pretended deeply to lament his departed lady, whom he announced to have died suddenly. He wrote some very disconsolate letters to his relations, and particularly to Argyle, on whom he waited, after a decent time given to seclusion, clad in deep mourning ; where, with the greatest shew of grief, he lamented to his brother-in-law the irreparable loss he had sustained. Argyle said nothing, but sent for his sister ; whose appearance blooming with health, acted as an electrical shock on the perfidious husband. Argyle was of a mild and peaceable disposition, and took no other revenge on Maclean than by commanding him instantly to quit his presence ; at the same time advising him to keep out of the way of his brother Donald, who would, if he met him, certainly take his life for having attempted to destroy that of his sister. Sir Donald Campbell met him afterwards in the streets of Edinburgh and stabbed him for the intended murder of his sister, when Maclean was eighty years of age.

The castle of Duart is now a heap of ruins on a promontory in Mull, and stands nearly opposite to the Lady's Rock in the Island of Lismore.

---

Change not an old friend for a new acquaintance.

### INSTINCT OF THE MONKEY.

A Monkey when wounded will apply his fore paw to the part affected, hold it up, look at it; and, on perceiving the blood, utter such plaintive moans, as must excite the strongest feelings of regret and compassion in the perpetrator of such wanton barbarity.

A person who had shot a very large Monkey caused it to be laid before a young *pet* of the same species, which he kept in his house. This little caricature of man, as if on a coroner's inquest, surveyed the body very minutely, and concluded his examination by holding up one of the paws; the immediate fall of which (the vital spark being quite extinct) was succeeded, on the part of little pug, by the most lamentable howl that can be imagined, and which he repeated several times. A spectator might have been led to suppose that in the lineaments of the deceased he recognized the features of his grandfather.

When the Government of Madras first took possession of the Tanjore country, an artillery officer, with some light field pieces, was stationed in the Pagoda of Trivalore. This gentleman amused himself in his solitude with endeavouring to catch a Monkey, by means of a coconut shell, containing a small quantity of rice; and he succeeded—for pug, having inserted his paw, and filled it with rice, could not withdraw it again. It might be supposed that a person of his sagacity would have known, that in order to obtain his release, he had only to relinquish his plunder: here, however, his instinct failed him, and he was afterwards seen walking about, in an erect posture, with his fore paws tied behind his back; but the officer being of a *playful*, not a *cruel* disposition, soon restored him to liberty.

Place a looking-glass before a monkey, and after surveying his beauties for a very short time, he will look, not in the glass but *behind* it.

An effort to quiet a wounded conscience by a repetition of sin, is like flying from a serpent, and meeting a lion.

### THE WIDOW AND HER SON.

A POPULAR TURKISH TALE.

AN aged widow had an only son who repeatedly transgressed the rules enjoined in the sacred *Koran* to be observed by all true believers; he neglected the customary ablutions, he gave no alms, and ate meat before the stars appeared during the holy fast of *Ramadan*,<sup>\*</sup> “when the gates of Paradise are open, and those of hell are shut;” he intoxicated himself with opium and wine, and bowed not his body to the omnipotent *Allah*, the maker of the world.

His mother, rendered superlatively unhappy by his misconduct, tried numberless methods to reclaim him, but without effect. At last, with great difficulty, she prevailed on him, when he committed a *bad* action, to drive a nail into the wall of his chamber, and when he performed a *good* action to take one out. In a short time the wall was nearly covered with the marks of his guilt; but the worst people *may* become the best. After a long time had elapsed, he began to refrain from his evil courses, and conducted himself with so much propriety, that the nails gradually diminished, and were at last all drawn out; of which circumstance he exultingly informed his venerable parent, who, with the greatest composure, addressed him as follows:

“My son,” said she, “you have, it is true, dutifully attended to my advice, and entered into the pleasant paths of virtue; but be not too proud that the nails are all drawn out, for the marks where they *have been* still remain; so likewise, the odium of your former misconduct will not be erased from your character, unless you continue to pursue the road to the blessed waters of Paradise, and never replunge into the dreadful gulph of pollution, from which you have fortunately escaped.”

—  
\* During the moon of Ramadan the Mahomedans neither eat, drink, smoke, nor wash their mouths, nor even swallow their spittle, till the stars appear in the firmament.

—o—  
When it rains, let it rain.



## Seat of the Muses.

For the Ladies' Weekly Museum.

*Occasioned by seeing some lines of my composition engraved on a Tombstone.*

I mused upon them silently, and thought  
of the dark saying upon the harp.

I THOUGHT as I lean'd o'er the stone,  
While each hope of the poet was chill'd,  
What ALBERT hath spoken will come,  
And his prophecy soon be fulfill'd :

For soon will those lines become dim,  
Grey moss the inscription will blot ;  
And then shall I seek it in vain,  
For Time's finger will cover the spot.

But soon shall this bosom so light,  
This heart that beats gaily and free,  
A clod of the valley become.  
And corruption and darkness shall see.

And since this vain world must recede,  
And pass from my fast-fading sight,  
O why should I covet a name  
That cannot illumine my night ?

Fame's voice cannot enter the urn,  
She cannot give joy to the dead ;  
Her praise is bestow'd on the deaf  
When each human passion is fled.

Her breath is too faint and too chill  
To enliven the cheek with a glow ;  
Her rays cannot pierce through the gloom  
That envelopes the sleepers below.

Her praises too oft are bestow'd  
With her wreath of the cypress so green,  
As atonement for former neglect,  
More than tribute of love or esteem.

Then, Albert, I covet no name  
Which cold ostentation bestows ;  
Let me live in the hearts of the good,  
And sink into quiet repose.

ELLA.

For the Ladies' Weekly Museum.

### SONG.

LOVE, the leaves are falling round thee,  
All the forest trees are bare ;  
Winter's snows will soon surround thee,  
Soon will frost thy raven-hair :

Then say, with me  
Love, wilt thou flee,

Nor wait to hear sad Autumn's prayer ;  
For Winter rude

Will soon intrude,  
Nor aught of Summer's blushing beauties  
spare !

Love the rose lies with'ring by thee,  
And the lily blooms no more ;  
Nature's charms will quickly fly thee—  
Chilling rains around thee pour :

Then say, with me  
Love, wilt thou flee,

Ere whirling tempests round thee roar,  
And Winter, dread,  
Shall strew thy head,

And all thy raven ringlets silver o'er !

Love, the moon is shining for thee,  
Ev'ry twinkling star is bright,  
Holy spirits glide before thee,  
Urging on thy tardy flight :

Then say, with me,  
Love wilt thou flee,

Nor wait the Sun's returning light !  
Time's finger, rude,

Will soon intrude,  
And, heedless, all thy blushing beauties  
blight.

Love, the flowers no longer greet thee—  
All their lovely hues have fled ;  
No more the violet springs to meet thee,  
Lifting slow its modest head :

Then say, with me,  
Love, wilt thou flee,

And leave this darkling desert dread,  
And seek a clime

Where joys sublime,  
And wreaths of fadeless flowers their lasting  
fragrance shed.

ALBERT.



For the Ladies' Weekly Museum.

—  
**VERSIFICATION OF THE 29th**  
**PSALM.**

GIVE strength to God, ye haughty kings of earth ;

Ye princes worship him who gave you birth.  
He speaks ! his word the liquid regions rends,

The waters hear, immediate rain descends :  
His thunders dread the oaks of Bashan tear,  
Proud cedars toss in fragments through the air ;

Deep from their roots the lifted hills divide,  
And skip like lambs upon their grassy side ;  
Old Lebanon his firm fix'd seat forsakes,  
Astonish'd Hermon from his basis shakes.  
His nostrils swell—the livid lightnings fly.  
The swift expressions of the Godhead nigh  
Own then Jehovah's power ye thoughtless youth,

Ye Atheists fear, while clouds blush out the truth ;

The wilderness uncultur'd feels the rod,  
Kadesh is made to recognize its God.  
The secret impulse of his matchless pow'r  
Inspires the hinds with knowledge of their hour ;

His voice resistless lays the forest bare ;  
In his bright temple all his praise declare.  
Let men with angels join, his praises sing,  
For ocean trembles, floods confess him king.  
To him let heroes adoration yield,  
For he's the conqueror's strength, the warrior's shield.

—o—

C.

For the Ladies' Weekly Museum.

—  
**SONNET,**

TO THE SEA-BIRD.

WHEN the rude tempest bursts the mid-night sky,

And o'er a trembling world impetuous raves,

On the wild wind thou wak'st thy wailing cry,

Undaunted rider of the shelving waves !

From some lone isle, stern Desolation's throne,

Far o'er the deep thou lov'st thy flight to urge,

And while the spirits of the water moan,  
Thy light form revels on the roaring surge.

And when the crashing barque the billow scales,

Hanging tremendous in the darken'd air,  
When the last effort of the pilot fails,

And all is horror, wildness and despair ;  
Thou mark'st the wreck sink in the whelming waves,

That roll their proud heads o'er their cavern'd graves.

ADRIAN.

—o—

**SIMPLICITY :**

A PASTORAL.

" OSHEPHERDS, how sweet are the bow'rs  
That rise on the verge of yon grove !  
I wove there a garland of flow'rs,  
To give to the nymph whom I love.

In native attractions array'd,  
Till nature decay she will reign ;  
Her praises be sung by each maid,  
And Envy will flout her in vain.

Her air has the magic of ease,  
Her manners are artless and free ;  
Her voice is as soft as the breeze  
That stirs the green leaf on the tree.

Long, long on the plains has she smil'd  
With sweetness, untaught to deceive ;  
The light of her eye is as mild  
As the sun-beam, when mellow'd at eve.

Oft on some bank she reposes,  
To catch all the sweets of the gale ;  
Her garlands are made of the roses,  
That bloom in the grove or the vale.

Her breast, that is always at ease,  
The wild notes of nature approves,  
The streamlet that 'plains to the breeze,  
And the music that comes from the groves.

Her songs to the Shepherds can give  
A sweetness that softens the breast ;  
Can bid brightest images live  
In the bosom that Sorrow has prest.

This damsel (the theme of my praise,)
   
Who steals from the notice of Fame,
   
In valleys and woodlands oft strays—
   
SIMPLICITY there is her name”

NEW-YORK,  
SATURDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1817.

## Intelligence.

The Board of Health, of this city, under date of the 1st of October, “congratulate their fellow citizens on the happy state of the health of the city, during the past season, as well as at the present time. They feel the highest satisfaction on this occasion, because they suppose it to have been sufficiently proved, that, with proper precautions and attention to cleanliness at home, and the execution of adequate quarantine regulations, to prevent the introduction of disease from abroad, the city of N. York, with the blessing of providence may be effectually guarded against that dreadful calamity, with which it was formerly afflicted, and which appears again to have visited some of the cities in the southern states. This position, so important to the happiness and interests of our city, they think is fully established by the experience of the present and of former years. The past season in particular it is well known, under the influence for a considerable time of heavy and continued rains, accompanied with great heat, has been extremely unfavorable to health, the effects of which have been severely felt in many other places. The early appearance of malignant diseases in some of the West India Islands, and its regular progress along our southern coast, indicated also the approach of danger, and seemed to threaten very serious consequences. Still we may venture to say, that in this city not a single case of contagious fever originated in it, has occurred.”

The Hon. JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, took the oath of office, as Secretary of State

of the United States, on Tuesday the 23d ult. and immediately entered on the duties of his office.

*Singular Acquittal.*—Briggs Belknap, the person charged with having stolen a large sum of money from on board a Newburg sloop, was tried last week in Orange County. The theft was committed about four or five years ago, but it was not ascertained that he was the thief till a short time since. Although the most satisfactory proof of his guilt was exhibited, the jury acquitted him on the ground that the statute limits the commencement of a prosecution to three years and a day.—*Mer. Adv.*

*A Young Serpent.*—The Boston Palladium of Tuesday, says, that a young Sea Snake about three feet and a half long, with bunches on his back resembling those on the Mammoth Serpent, has been caught in one of the harbours of Cape Ann.

The President having completed his tour, the National Intelligencer remarks, “we rejoice at the felicitous termination of an enterprise as honourable to the heart as to the judgment of the Chief Magistrate, and which we trust cannot fail to prove of the most solid and lasting benefit to the Union, by improving our knowledge of the resources of the nation, by conciliating prejudices, and uniting confidence.”

The following valuable article is selected from the *ATHENEUM*, or, Spirit of the English Magazines, a valuable periodical work, printed at Boston.

### CHOLERA MORBUS.

My attention this month has been frequently arrested by Cholera Morbus—a disease which is very rarely met with in numbers at this season. It is characterized by violent and continued vomiting and purging of bile and acrimonious humors, accompanied with more or less of pain in the stomach and bowels. It more commonly forms a part of the epidemic constitution of autumn; and, from this circumstance, has been ascribed to the excessive use of fruit-



This is clearly a mistaken notion, as a great proportion of the cases of the last epidemic occurred in persons who had not eaten it. It seems to be an effort of Nature to dislodge from the stomach offensive accumulations, from whatever source they may arise; hence we find solitary instances do occasionally present themselves without any seeming connexion with atmospheric influence.

—I am acquainted with a lady who regularly, about once in six weeks, has an attack of this complaint: the matter, which is rejected in considerable quantities, is actually more acid than vinegar: during the interval of the vomiting, the patient labours under symptoms indicating a diseased state of the secretions of the stomach, and especially a degree of giddiness, which renders her incapable of sustaining an erect position. As this disease is really an effort of Nature, its course should be arrested with great circumspection; the safest practice is to administer copious draughts of chamomile tea, or even warm water, until the offensive matter is freely evacuated, which may be known by the fluid which is taken being rejected unmixed: after which the irritation may be allayed by opium from 20 to 30 drops, which should be given in the smallest possible quantity of liquid, and may be repeated every six or eight hours, according to circumstances. Though Cholera be highly distressing to the patient, and often alarming to the bystander, it is rarely difficult of cure—and Nature generally effects this for us; it may, however, be useful to add a simple prescription of a Scotch physician, published seventy years ago; and which he affirms to have been followed by wonderful success in cases that resisted all other treatment:—after giving warm fluid three or four times, to evacuate the contents of the stomach, he prescribed a decoction of oat-bread, carefully toasted as brown as coffee, but not burnt. The decoction should have the appearance of weak coffee; it is said to be exceedingly grateful to the patient; and no case is recollected by the prescriber where it was rejected.

## NUPTIAL.

### MARRIED,

By the rev. Mr Rowan, Roger S. Skinner, esqr. of New Haven, to Miss Mary L. De Forest, daughter of Mr. Lockwood De Forest, of this city.

By the rev. B. T. Onderdonk, Mr. Isaac P. Smith, merchant, to Miss Mary F. Everson, all of this city.

By the rev. Dr. Milledolar, Mr. L. A. M. De Sprang, to Mrs. Abbey Leeds, of this city.

At Greenbush, by the rev. Mr. Carl, Stephen Van Ranselaer Forward, esq. to Miss Hetty Young, daughter of the Hon. Joseph Young.

Stephen being *Forward*, and his Hetty *Young*,  
The wooing season did not linger long;  
The ceremony of the priest being o'er,  
She became *Forward*, and was *Young* no more.

## OBITUARY.

The City Inspector reports the death of 61 persons, in this city, during the week ending the 27th ult.

### DIED,

Suddenly, Mr. George Clinton Genet, aged 21 years, eldest son of Edmond C. Genet, esqr. and grandson of the late vice president, George Clinton, esqr.

After a short illness, Saml. Gilbert Thorn, aged 16.

Mr. Frederick W. Ray, Druggist, Mrs. Eliza C. Tillinghast, wife of Mr. John L. Tillinghast.

At the Quarantine Hospital, Staten Island, capt. Alanson Spencer.

At Norwalk, (Con.) Mrs. Maria Newkirk, aged 59, wife of Mr. John Newkirk, formerly of this city.

At Charleston, of the prevailing epidemic; Mr. John Foot, of this city, in the 25th year of his age.

On the 18th August, at the village of Auburn, in the 42d year of his age, Mr. Samuel R. Brown, author of the "Views of the Campaign of the North Western Army"—"History of the late War, in two volumes," and the "Emigrant's Gazetteer."

At Brancepeth-Castle Eng. William Russell, esq. aged 83—one of the richest, worthiest, most loyal and beneficent commoners of the realm. Among other charities he founded and endowed an hospital for aged persons with a school for youth.

## ON THE CONJUGAL CHARACTER.

It is the remark of an elegant and modern writer, that—"No man ever prospered in the world, without the unanimity and co-operation of his wife ; let him be ever so frugal, industrious, regular, and intelligent, it will avail nothing, if she is extravagant, disorderly, indolent, or unfaithful to the trust reposed in her."

The absolute justice of this judicious observation has been too often exemplified, in the various orders of society, for any person to attempt to prove its fallacy : and melancholy are the proofs we daily receive of the disorders of those who are bound to be unanimous, both by the rules of reason and the law of Heaven.

If the social affections are allowed to be the inspirers of virtue and magnanimity, how is a man to be supposed capable of exerting those qualities, who perceives they are not likely to minister to any one's gratification ? Or how can he entertain a generous complacency in himself, unless he finds those who ought to esteem him inclined to do it ? He will feel little temptation to cultivate faculties in which no one appears either to feel a pleasure or to take an interest.

But how different must be the situation of that man, who, in the partner of his affection, possesses an incitement to virtue ; and who, in the approving smiles of her tenderness, enjoys the most refined and gratifying reward ! With what confidence will he exert himself, what dangers meet, when he knows he is not spending his time in vain ; and that the gentle being, whose interest and happiness are blended with his own, shares in her turn his solicitude and ease !

Human life is composed of variations : sorrow and pain, solicitude and disappointment, enter into the history of the most prosperous ; and he is but half provided for the voyage of life, who has merely found an associate for his *days of happiness*, whilst for the *months of darkness and distress* no sympathizing partner is prepared.

The moralities of life, and the duties of religion, are so completely blended

and combined, that it is impossible to break through the one, without a manifest infringement on the other, but, amidst all the natural ties that bind them, none ought to act so strongly on the mind as those existing between wife and husband : and in how interesting a light do those characters appear, whose conjugal virtues embellish the page either of the poet or historian ! Who can peruse with coldness or indifference the tenderness of an Andromache—the stability of a Penelope—the resolution of a Paulina—or the delicacy of a Lucretia ? Or who can hesitate to pronounce, that such characters become patterns to their sex, and an honour to human nature ?

## THE WARRIOR

Seeks honour in the field of blood, and madly rushes to the battle ; victory, honour and renown are his, but is he satisfied ? No ! Though thousands pledge his name in flowing cups, though the streets through which he marches resound with songs, revelry, and triumph ; though sickle crowds rend the air with shouts and clamour, and all classes delight to do him honour, yet well he knows that all this mockery will soon be over. Conscience speaks to him in a voice which the roar of public applause can never drown, and tells him, that while the flowing cup is lifted in honour of his name, the widow and the fatherless, as they raise the cup of poverty to their trembling lips, mingle its contents with tears. While he hears his name accompanied with praises, let him think of the dwellings of those whom his sword has made childless, and imagine that he hears (for there he *might* hear) the deep and heavy curses that are breathed for him. And while his ears drink in the applauses of youth and age, maidens, matrons and children, he remembers scenes of rape and ruin, where the mother strove to save her child, and strove in vain ! where the daughter fled from brutality to the protection of a father, and found him weltering in his blood.—*Boston Weekly Magazine.*